



OUT OF IT.

THE ELDEST MISS BLOSSOM THINKS THAT THE PART OF DOUBLE GOOSEBERRY IS RATHER MONOTONOUS.

A LINGUISTIC PROTEST.

TO MR. PUNCH: REVERED AND VENERABLE SIR,—I appeal to you, as Censor of the King's English and Patron of the Two Pines Club, to protect the British publick from a pair of alien importations which have lately made their way into the language through the dialects of so-called "automobilism" and of Parliamentary debate.

With regard to the first, the thing (to employ a vulgarism) has come to stay, and I suggest that the sooner an English name be found for the same the better. I refer to the expression *chauffeur*, which has surely given you what I hope I may without impropriety term the "hump," when perusing the police-court news and daily list of accidents in your morning journal. May I therefore propose that one or more of the following synonyms be officially adopted by way of substitution? E.g.:—

Road-hog.
Dog-crusher.
Hen-flattener.
Highway nightmare.
Gogglebogey.
Yokel-chaser.
Baby-scarer.
Motor-demon.
Country-scooter.

Petrolwhiffist.
Rattlesnorter.
Horsebane.
Speedmaniac.
Juggernautman.

In the other case, *viz.*, that of *Zollverein*, the need of an English equivalent is equally pressing, at any rate until the next General Election. Perhaps one out of the list annexed may serve:—

Toll-union.
Union-knell.
Cabinet-solvent.
Ministry-buster.
Joe-boomer.
Balfour-baffler.
Rad-rag.
Antifetish.
Seddon-soother.
Teuton-teazer.
Canada-balsam.
Yankee-purge.

I submit, Sir, the above to your sense of linguistick propriety, and trust that you will use your best efforts to rescue our beloved mother-tongue from foreign defilement and contamination.

I have the honour to be, Sir,
Your devoted and humble servant,

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

Fleet Street, at the Sign of the Cock.

SATIATED!

[It has become, says the *Court Journal*, an affectation to decline to drink champagne. There must be hundreds of very young men who make it a rule to refuse it for the sole reason that there is the suggestion of a rumbustious "past" in so doing.]

I FEAR I cannot say with truth
I loathe the wine I loved in youth.
I still would like to feel, you know,
Its fine exhilarating glow;
But while the youngsters' pulses dance
With nectar from the grapes of France,
I sit with *ennui*-haunted soul
And play my lone ascetic rôle.

I watch with knowing glance and grim
The bubbles winking at the brim;
But, when politely asked to drink,
I, like the bubbles, simply wink,
And hint of boisterous days of yore,
When magnums perished by the score,
Of nights of revel, feast, and noise,
Such as would kill most modern boys!

Thus, having set all eyes agog
Over so desperate a dog,
Whose lusty youth's the sole defence
For ostentatious abstinence,
I prove how prodigals decline
On simple drinks like cowslip wine,
Until, at twenty-one, they drop
To lemonade and ginger-pop!

"WHERE THEY DO AGREE . . ."

A LIBERAL LEADER ADDRESSES HIS TROUPE.

"SHEEP of my heart," the shepherd cried,
 "Flock that I hold in solemn charge,
 And often on my fence astride
 Have watched careering round at large,
 Each, in obedience to his private whim,
 Cropping the pasture which occurs to him—

"Now dawns at last the promised day
 (Which I, with other seers, foretold),
 That finds you after some delay
 Consorting in the self-same fold ;
 Your varied past, I understand, is done,
 And out of quite a number you are one.

"White sheep and black, or blent of hue,
 No more you butt each other's brows ;
 The Leaguer ram and Home Rule ewe
 Freely exchange marital vows ;
 The Cleric wether and the best Welsh mutton
 Care for their former battles not one button.

"What magic change has on us burst
 To make you, now you do agree,
 Exhibit, wholly unrehearsed,
 Such startling unanimity ?
The wolves are out on one another's track !
 And there's a chance to pulverise the pack.

"Gentlemen ! (lest I overwork
 A figure of the rural kind,
 Whose country flavour tends to irk
 Your non-bucolic cast of mind)
 'Into the breach ! into the breach !' I'll say ;
 Our motto—*Divide et Impera !*

"Come where ye see my white plume whirl
 Above the whirling falchion's hilt !
 Come where ye hear my pibroch skirl !
 Come where ye mark my streaming kilt !
 Come where the banner flames behind my head,
 And on it printed clear—THE PEOPLE'S BREAD !

"Our business is to force a fight,
 Not leave our foes the hour to choose ;
 This parley-space which they invite
 Might modify the nation's views ;
 Its present attitude might grow relaxed,
 It might prefer to have its tummy taxed !

"Quick, while the people's heart is sore
 About the bigger loaf's decline ;
 Quick, while their dazed wits deplore
 Outlandish words like *Zollverein* ;
 Press, while our chance is still a rosy pink,
 And don't give anybody time to think !!" O. S.

OUGHT ENTHUSIASTS TO BE REGISTERED?—A lady has very nearly inflicted serious injury upon the German EMPEROR. As he was driving through a crowd at Frankfort she threw a bouquet at the imperial carriage, and, worse than that, struck the imperial helmet, and—it was a very large bouquet. The lady of course was very properly arrested. This story, coming concurrently with the almost daily rumours of prominent Polish musicians being smothered by feminine admirers in the wilder parts of America, makes *Mr. Punch* think that something should be done. As we are also engaged in safeguarding ourselves against the motormaniac, perhaps we might legislate for the two evils together. These things could be prevented if excessively

loyal and enthusiastic persons were required to be registered and wear a conspicuous number on their backs.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

Virginia of the Rhodesians (HUTCHINSON) is obviously founded on admiring study of the works of Mr. RUDYARD KIPLING, a quatrain from whose pen serves as its motto. CYNTHIA STOCKLEY does for Rhodesia what has long been accomplished, chiefly by women, for English society in India. She evidently knows it thoroughly, and describes it with exceedingly free hand. The impression conveyed to simple minds like that of my Baronite is not wholly attractive. If the historian and commentator is to be trusted there is a decidedly unwholesome flavour in the social atmosphere of one of the latest jewels added to the lengthening train of Empire. A wife or a husband seems, as a rule, openly to belong to a domestic establishment other than that in which she or he originally set up. The hero of the book, premier because he is the most utterly scoundrel, is one *Anthony Sumarez*, of whom it is admiringly recorded, "they say he has run away with every kind of woman in his time." He very nearly ran away with *Virginia* herself. That he happened to be married added only to the piquancy of the situation. She was actually packing up over-night, just as a London lady might prepare to spend a few days with her aunt at Brighton or Eastbourne, when enter another lady who, though known to Durban society as *Mrs. Ffollett*, confessed that she was really *Mrs. Anthony Sumarez*, and would be rather hurt if *Virginia* eloped with her husband. This was not all true, her relations with the ascetic *Anthony* not having been regularised by marriage. But the lie served its purpose, creating a really dramatic scene in a sketchy book.

Under the capable editorship of Mr. E. V. LUCAS, Messrs. METHUEN are issuing what promises to be the most complete edition of *The Works of Charles and Mary Lamb* with which a grateful country has yet been dowered. Some of the chapters contain matter for the first time bound up with the better known works of the genial essayist. The first volume just issued, numbering over five hundred pages, contains all LAMB's prose, with the principal exception of the *Elia Essays*. These, with his Books for Children, his Dramatic Specimens, his Poems and Plays, and his Letters, will follow in five volumes. My Baronite knows his CHARLES LAMB pretty well. But it comes as a pleasant surprise to find he left behind materials for six handsome volumes on the scale of the one now to hand.

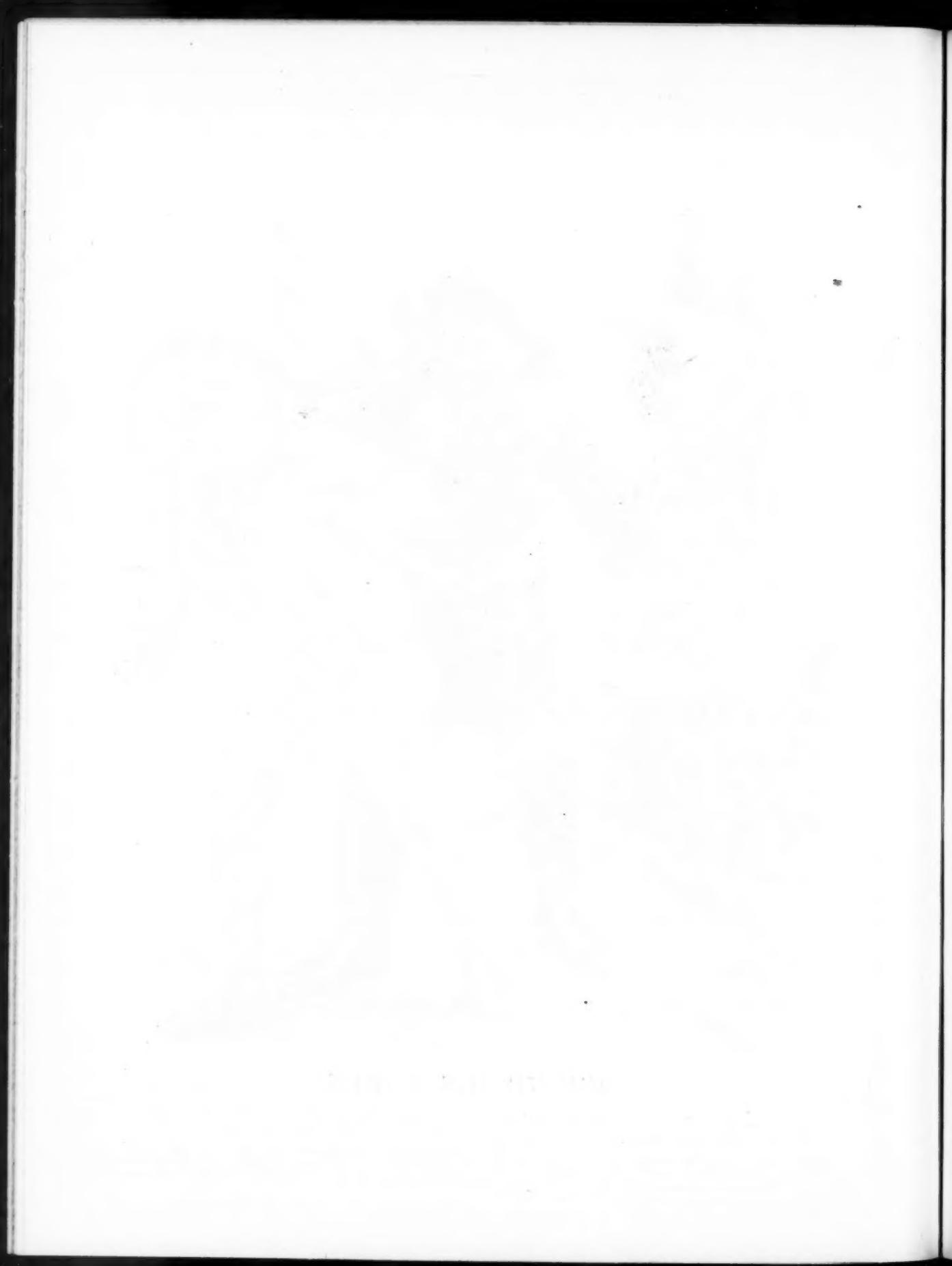
Anyone interested in *Lawn Tennis at Home and Abroad* will find all about it in a volume issued by Messrs. NEWNES, under the editorship of Mr. WALLIS MYERS, who counts among his contributors, H. S. MAHONY, H. S. SCRIVENER, G. W. HILLIARD, Mrs. STERRY, and other authorities on a game whose popularity has stood the test of years. The task Mr. MYERS set for himself is to present votaries of the game with knowledge, conveyed by pen and picture, of the conditions under which it is organised and contested throughout the civilised world. The value of the book is augmented by reproduction of countless photographs. Many of these being snapshots present the curious, apparently contorted, always graphic result peculiar to that process. Among the many portraits of famous players is one of the Brothers ALLEN, in the matter of personal resemblance surely the most complete coincidence seen on earth since the Brothers Dromio served in the households of *Antipholus of Ephesus* and *Antipholus of Syracuse*. One ALLEN is E. R., and the other C. G. Which is which my Baronite doesn't know, and doubts if C. G. does. THE BARON DE B.-W.



BEYOND HIS POWER.

RUSSIA (*to the "Times"*). "I'LL TEACH YOU TO CALL ME A BEAR! OUT YOU GO!"
TRUTH. "AH, YOU MAY EXPEL HIM, BUT YOU CAN'T GET RID OF ME!"

[On the 28th of May, Mr. BRAHAM, the *Times* Correspondent at St. Petersburg, was expelled from Russia at eight hours' notice, extended subsequently to three days, by order of General von WAHL, Assistant Minister of the Interior. "The vague charges brought by the Russian Government against our Correspondent are purely formal charges, which they do not even venture to press home against him, much less to support by any specific evidence."—*Times*, May 30.]





MORE ORNAMENTAL THAN USEFUL.

"JUST GIVE THAT BIT O' LEAD A BITE ATWEEN YER TEETH, WILL YER, MATIE?"

"AIN'T YE GOT NO TEETH OF YER OWN?"

"I GOT SOME, BUT THERE AIN'T NONE OF 'EM OPPOSITE ONE ANOTHER."

A THEME WITH VARIATIONS.

[*The Theme:* "Lord and Lady Norbiton have left Mangel Hall, and have taken up their residence at 420, Grosvenor Place, for the season."]

ACTING, you will remember, upon the advice of a weekly review, which counsels the young author to seek material for his stories in the newspaper, we showed in a previous number how the prosaic sentence quoted above could be utilised. We made it the basis of a tale, first for a high-class literary periodical, and then for the *Fleet Street Magazine*. But it can be treated in other ways also. For a really "smart" piece of fiction you will begin as follows:—

III.

"Broke!" ejaculated Lord NORBITON, jingling two halfpennies and a farthing in his pocket.

"Bridge?" asked his wife laconically.

"Bridge it is, DODDLES. Clean scuppered. Not a bloomin' tanner left, s'elp me. Old Lady BARBARA my partner last night again. Pink-eyed rat that she is! Hooted her under the table, too, I did; might as well have kicked the blessed poker. Wouldn't understand

the simplest signal—so here we are. What's the lay, DODDLES?"

"London," said Lady NORBITON decisively.

"Oh, rats!" protested her husband, with real feeling in his voice.

"Yes, London. Better chance there. Buck up, old pal, and don't look more like a silly shrimp than you can help. I'll go and see about getting our blooming traps put together."

And so on. This will make your readers believe that you are intimate with the very best society.

If, however, you really happen to be a Viscountess or a Marchioness, you need not take so much trouble about grammar and construction. You will send your story to the *Ladies' Kingdom*, and it will be written in this fashion:—

IV.

So then when it was beginning to get a little tiresome in the country, and which because of its dulness Lord NORBITON could not endure, Lady NORBITON felt bound to reluctantly make a move and to go to London to get into the house in Grosvenor Place they had heard of. *Caelum nonne animum*, however, as the old Greek proverb hath it,

which is more reliable than a proverb in most cases are wont to be. However, they left Mangel next day. Lord NORBITON was silent in the train; "who shall I ask to cheer him up?" thought his wife as station after station was whizzed by—a question it was hard to successfully find an answer to.

Finally, if you can't make a successful story out of the theme, turn it into a rhymed satire. You need not trouble about polishing the lines overmuch. Send it to Albemarle Street, and, with any luck, it will appear in the most massive type. This is a sample of the style required:—

V.

The tavern gossip of the *Mangel* clown Reports that NORBITON has gone to town; Ready to suffer for his country's sake (Like RODNEY, GRENVILLE, FROBISHER and

DRAKE—

Immortal names!). He will endure, no doubt,
The indigestion of the dinner-out,
And add to dinner—so exceeds the upper
Class of so-called "Society"—a supper;
What time her ladyship in Paris dress,
Etc., etc.

Nothing can be easier to write!

GUY BONO;

OR, FOR THE GOOD OF "GUY'S."

Being some account of a famous performance in aid of Guy's Hospital, given at His Majesty's Theatre, June 8.

An appeal for assistance towards a charitable object, whatever that object may be, is never made in vain to the members of the theatrical profession. It was therefore a foregone conclusion that a performance given—emphatically “given,” as not one penny would actors and actresses take for all their labours, culminating, after many previous weeks’ conscientious rehearsals, in this one single night’s well-nigh faultless representation—in aid of the funds for endowing in perpetuity a bed in Guy’s Hospital, to be named “His Majesty’s Theatre Bed,” should yield an exceptional result, and that Mr. TREE, himself the donor to the fund of all the expenses of the show, should have been able to state publicly that “Guy’s” would benefit, by this one night’s performance, to the tune of two thousand one hundred pounds, an announcement, it is needless to add, received with the heartiest cheers. So were the last words of the “tag,” admirably given by the generous Manager (he was giving everything that night, without, of course, giving himself away), in which he expressed a fervent hope for the future of the Hospital under the patronage of the King and the Presidency of H.R.H. the Prince of WALES, who, with the Princess, occupied a box on the first tier. Turning towards the Royal Box on the pit tier, Manager TREE, with graceful inclination (bows come quite naturally to a TREE), thanked the KING and QUEEN for their most gracious presence on this special occasion.

What a house it was! Two liberal benefactors had secured about half the pit for the fresh-coloured, bright-eyed hospital nurses, who were “all there” (though some had to remain at home, as the patients were not allowed out for “one night only”); but, fortunately for the susceptible males among the audience, the nurses were so deeply interested in the proceedings on the stage that the idea of “setting their caps” at anyone never for one moment entered into their heads.

The house was crowded, and had any accident happened to anyone there were Guy’s doctors, Guy’s surgeons, Guy’s nurses, all ready to attend on the spot. One surgical operation was felt to be absolutely necessary: the first piece wanted cutting. The operation must be performed if it is again to be presented with any chance of success. Laureate ALFRED AUSTIN knows, perhaps, less of the stage, practically, than did even ALFRED the Great, Lord TENNYSON, and he knew little enough.

Handsome Miss CONSTANCE COLLIER, as *Lady Heron*, and Mr. FRED TERRY, made up quite prettily as *James the Fourth*, musical monarch of Scotland, with “harpy thoughts” and no strikingly tuneful power of expressing them; Mr. HENRY AINLEY as amatory *Donald Grey*; gentle Miss MIRIAM CLEMENTS, as the “adopted orphan,” looking rather like a hospital nurse of the period—probably intended as a compliment to “our friends in front”—and Mr. OSCAR ASCHE as the robustious *Earl of Surrey*, all did their best for the author, who can scarcely be said to have done his best for them. Their efforts were acclaimed, and the one single dramatic situation was accepted with gratitudo as a sample of the piece “that ought to have been.”

In fact the programme consisted, first, of the piece that wasn’t, and probably never would be, and, secondly, of the piece that was—decidedly successful. *The Man who Was*, fairly well dramatised by F. KINSEY PEILE from KIPLING’S story, gives, in *Austin Limmason*, a part that suits Mr. TREE perfectly. His make-up was wonderful, and his acting equal to his make-up. Mr. EDMUND MAURICE’s *Colonel Dirkovitch* was a

remarkably clever performance. Miss CONSTANCE COLLIER’s *Millicent Durgan* was strikingly effective; and to Mr. FISHER WHITE as *Colonel Durgan*, to Mr. COOKSON as *Captain Basset Holmer*, and to Mr. DAWSON MILWARD as *Little Mildred*, the greatest praise is due. As this very stirring one-act piece is before long to form an important part of the regular evening bill at His Majesty’s, it will have to be dealt with fully later on. At present it is only to be here set down that, in spite of certain weak points in the dramatisation, Mr. TREE has scored one of his most marked successes, a veritable *tour de force*.

But as it is probable that the opportunities of seeing so great a dramatic treat as the Laureate’s *Flodden Field* will be rare, it is as well, for the fleeting moment, to record how there is in it a veiled ghost, a kind of *White Lady of Avenel*, or sort of tame *Castle Spectre*, impervious to the sword of *James the Fourth*, King of Scotland, who, having been warned by the ghost as to what he oughtn’t to do, at once obstinately goes and does it; that there is a “Castle Interior” for the two Acts, with our good old friend “the Seneschal” complaining that he can’t go out and fight (old humbug!), but must stop at home while the battle of *Flodden Field* is going on—it is, apparently, always going on—and burnish his master’s armour; and how there is a charming orphan, played by Miss MIRIAM CLEMENTS, with whom a nice young man, by name of *Donald Grey*, represented in the nicest young-mannish manner possible by Mr. HENRY AINLEY, is deeply in love; how there is any amount of kissing, pressing, and hugging carried on by all the principals generally, much to the distraction of amorous swains in front of the house, perhaps too of the pretty nurses in the pit, and of coy maidens in all parts of the auditorium; and how Mr. ASCHE, as the bluff *Earl of Surrey* (Theatre and of ancient transpontine melodrama), goes out to join in the battle, and, having come safely out of the fray without the slightest scar, and free from any damage whatever to his spick-and-span new costume, cuts up rusty, rushes out of the house never to reappear, but to send “per bearers, this side up with care,” a body of convincing evidence in the form of the corpse of *James the Fourth*, still Mr. FRED TERRY, or Mr. FRED TERRY still; and how *Lady Heron*, in disgust with the failure of her attempt at pleasing *Lord Surrey* with what she had considered a really good practical joke played on the unfortunate monarch, stabs herself, and so brings down the curtain,—all these are the main incidents forming the action of a blank-verse drama which, but for the prosiness of “the cackle,” might yet succeed as a fair specimen of a curtain-raiser in an evening’s programme.

But the two thousand one hundred pounds clear profit for Guy’s was the chief success of this night, which will be memorable in the Hospital records kept by the Patron, His Gracious Majesty the KING; by H.R.H. Prince of WALES, President; as also in the memoranda of the entire Medical and Surgical Staff, which includes such names as Sir SAMUEL WILKS, FREDERICK TAYLOR, and a list of distinguished names too numerous to be here individually mentioned, and, above all, in the accounts kept by the indefatigable H. COSMO BONSOR, Treasurer of Guy’s Hospital.

Another Hospital, the London, had a real good turn done it last Thursday by their kindly MAJESTIES’ visit, when Whitechapel, to quote the *Times*’ report, was “as gay with flags as the dripping state of these flags permitted,” and this display, the outburst of a loyalty anything but “flagging,” occurred in spite of His MAJESTY’s having caused it to be understood “that he would far rather see money given to the Hospital than expended in frippery of any sort.”

It is due to the eminent surgeon Mr. FRIPP to explain that this was in no sense an allusion to his particular work, as he has nothing to do with the London Hospital, only with Guy’s.

THE HAUNTED TRAM.

[A gentleman recently wrote to the *Daily Express* alleging that several times mysterious footsteps have been heard on the top of a South London tram at night, accompanied by the rattle of a conductor's chain and (probably, though he does not say so) a whispered request for fares. And no conductor was visible!]

Ghosts of The Towers, The Grange, The Court,
Ghosts of the Castle Keep,
Ghosts of the finnickin, "high-life" sort
Are growing a trifle cheap.
But here is a spook of another stamp,
No thin, theatrical sham,
But a spectre who fears not dirt nor damp:
He rides on a London tram.

By the curious glance of a mortal eye
He is not seen. He's heard.
His steps go a-creeping, creeping by,
He speaks but a single word.
You may hear his feet: you may hear them plain,
For—it's odd in a ghost—they crunch.
You may hear the whirr of his rattling chain,
And the ting of his ringing punch.

The gathering shadows of night fall fast;
The lamps in the street are lit;
To the roof have the eerie footsteps passed,
Where the outside passengers sit.
To the passenger's side has the spectre paced;
For a moment he halts, they say,
Then a ring from the punch at the unseen waist,
And the footsteps pass away.

That is the tale of the haunted car;
And if on that car you ride
You won't, believe me, have journeyed far
Ere the spectre seeks your side.
Ay, all unseen by your seat he'll stand,
And (unless it's a wig) your hair
Will rise at the touch of his icy hand,
And the sound of his whispered "Fare!"

At the end of the trip, when you're getting down
(And you'll probably simply fly!)
Just give the conductor half-a-crown,
Ask who is the ghost and why.
And the man will explain with bated breath
(And point you a moral) thus:
"E's a pore young bloke wot wos crushed to death
By people as fought
As they didn't ought
For seats on a crowded bus."

OPERA NOTES.

Tuesday, June 9.—Herr von Rooy, as *Hans Sachs*, is "about as pairfect, ye ken, as any single mon representing *Sachs* could be," says the Wee MACGREGOR, expressing the "opinion of us all." *Die Meistersinger*, though with *Sachs*-full of melody, is, it cannot be denied, a somewhat weary business considering what it is intended to be—a comic opera. *Beckmesser* is an eccentric part, and Herr GEIS does it justice in every way. Frau GLEISS is a charming *Eva*, and Frau DREPEPPE delightful in the small part of *Magdalene*. Prolonged applause at finish. Everybody, being called, cheerfully obeyed the summons.

Wednesday.—Miss COVENT GARDEN as *Juliette*, SALIGNAC as *Roméo*, et toute la boutique as before. Cannot well be improved upon.

Thursday.—Première de MEILBA. House crowded. KING and QUEEN present. PUCCINI's delightful opera, *La Bohème*.



A "CALCULATING BOY."

Tommy (in audible whisper). "MUMMY, THEY'VE ADDED IT UP RIGHT FOR THE FIRST TIME!"

Prima donna never in better voice. Mme. FRITZI SCHEFF, as frisky *Musetta*, excellent. The only slip in the opera was made by *Marcello* and *Colline*, Signor SCOTTI and M. JOURNET, in attempting to carry off aforesaid frisky young lady. Hearty calls before curtain smilingly accepted. M. DUFRICHE as good as ever in representing "two single gentlemen rolled into one," namely, *Benoit* the grim and *Alcindoro* the gay. Mr. BELLEW's well-trained chorus of *Hulla-bellew Boys* was first-rate; they thoroughly enjoyed all the fun of the fair. *Habitués* missed M. GILBERT as *Schaunard*, but were contented to accept Signor PINTO CORSI as his substitute in this rôle. Meritorious MANCINELLI conducting. Mellifluous MELBA's *Mimi* better than ever.

Saturday's entertainment will be accounted for in next week's notes.

WAHL, WE NEVER!

[From the *Evening Post*, New York, June 9.—"The Russian semi-official Press now takes the cheerful view that the recent expulsion of the *Times* Correspondent from St. Petersburg was a proof of Russian friendliness!"]

The *Times* correspondent who recently received such sudden "notice to quit" St. Petersburg may adapt the old song to the occasion, and justly observe that:

"Perhaps it was well to dissemble your love,
But—why did you kick me down stairs?"

But what can you expect from the Russ in his own *urbe*? As the immortal Dr. WATTS hath it,

"It is his nature to!"

And, this being so, General von WAHL, Assistant Minister of the Interior, only acted "like a bear." So the trusty correspondent crosses the Tartarean border and bids "Good-night" to Russia, adding, "All's Wahl!"

RHYMES OF THE EAST.

THE IRON HAND.

[“The Government of India has been pleased to sanction the infliction of a fine, &c.”—*Official notification.*]

To such as read with careless eyes,
My present theme affords
But little scope for enterprise
In buttering one's lords;
“Fines,” they would urge, “have always
Largely to Those that rule, [bulked
Seeing that every man They mulct
Brings something to the pool.”

But ah! my friends, it isn't that;
Their proud pre-eminence
Rests on the nobler ground of flat,
Cold-blooded truculence;
Others have done the same ere now,
But only men of steel
Would have the stomach to avow
The pleasure that They feel.

Here is the Iron Hand that builds
Our realms beyond the sea;
No *suaviter in modo* gilds
Their *fortiter in re*;
Here you will find no velvet glove
Upon the fist of fear:
None of your guiding hand of Love,
None of your hogwash here!

No. From Their home amid the stars
They glower athwart the land
Implacable, with “eye like Mars
To threaten and command”;
With Them to hear is to obey
With no more questioning;
They make no bones about it—They
Are *pleased* to do this thing.

Blind to the victim's mask of woe,
Deaf to his poignant howls,
No pity stirs Their hearts, and no
Reluctance wrings Their bowls;
By prompt and ready cash alone
Their wrath shall be appeased,
Who pile it on like gods, and own,
Like men, to being pleased.

DUM-DUM.

THE PROFESSIONAL CHEERER-UP.

[“Among the latest acquisitions of the Women's Exchange in New York is a worker known as the cheering-up lady.”—*Daily Paper.*]

NEW YORK now possesses a clever lady, Miss SOPHIE STRY, who spends her time in passing from house to house transforming, by her bright tongue and merry magnetism, Dumpy JAMESSES into Sunny JIMS, and Dreary ELIZABETHS into Laughing BETSIES. We have ventured to imagine the course her methods might take with certain English melancholics.

WITH A DEPRESSED CRICKETER.

“Come now, my dear Sir; after all, what is a duck? One cannot make a hundred without adding two ducks to a paltry one! But *per se*? Oh, well,

per se it is, perhaps, a little discouraging, but who is free from them? Even FRY makes several every season, and the bowling must be considered. You were bowled by a clinker. It is better to make a duck against good bowling like that than hundred against tosh. I doubt even if the KING would make a score against LOCKWOOD. Look at the symmetry of it, too—round, smooth, compact, self-contained. Compare it with a sprawling 57, say, or 94. The egg, the symbol of life!—how charming! To add one more to Nature's store of eggs—that is work, indeed. The universal mother is on your side, if your captain isn't.”

[At this point the Cricketer presses a large fee into Miss SOPHIE STRY's hand and breaks away, determined never to do anything so banal as make another run.

WITH A PESSIMISTIC AUTHOR.

“And they won't read your book? Why, what could be better? To be admired by the many-headed mob; to have a bookstall circulation like the writer you have just named?—surely your heart should be dancing to have escaped such a fate. How much finer to be select, to number one's true appreciators by tens, nay, by units, than to slay thousands with SAMSON's weapon, like Dash and Blank! I envy such rare unobtrusiveness. This is an advertising, gulping age—you stand aside, a prophet of the unique, the unpopular.

“Not reviewed! Another triumph. To keep one's name pure and unsullied by mention in the democratic sheets—that is real success. To know but to be unknown, what equals such a fate as that? To write, but to refuse to publish! How I envy you such a power! ‘No,’ you can say, turning the key on your MSS., ‘no, there they shall lie. You might have read them, but would not; now you shall not. Thus do I take my revenge.’ My dear Sir, you are superb. The attitude is worthy of TIMON. We do not know our greatest men.”

[Here the Literary Man abandons all thought of suicide, and dedicates his young life to the agreeable task of denying the world the joy of reading his next romance.

WITH A DEJECTED GOLFER.

“So you're off your drive? A mere passing weakness, I assure you. Why, look at the Duke of DUFFINSHIRE! He was only 65 when he took to the game, and when he had his first lesson from BEN SAYERS he missed the ball completely six times running. Even now he often slices his drive into the tee-box. They're going to put up your handicap from 2 to 4? Why, how old are you? Only 28? Why, CHARLES HUTCHINGS didn't begin to play golf till

he was over 30! Think of all the years you've got before you to pull it down. And look at the Duke of DUFFINSHIRE again! Only last month they reduced his handicap from 36 to 34. You say you lost six new Haskells at Woking in one round? Well, that was rather trying, but think of the pleasure you have given to those who found them. And, besides, you surely remember the historic case recorded in the lines:

‘There was a young man of St. Ives
Who lost ten new balls in ten drives.’”

[Exit Depressed Golfer, in a transport of pantisocratic benevolence, firmly resolved that the next time he misses the globe he will give his caddie half-a-sovereign.

WITH A DISAPPOINTED “TIMES” COMPETITOR.

“So you set your heart on winning the £1,000 prize and failed? Well, well: there are other good things in the world besides money. Besides, if you had invested it carefully you would only have got about 2½ per cent. return, and if you had gone in for a flutter it would have been probably swallowed by some wild-cat company promoter. But don't fret about the money. Try to realise the splendid intellectual advantages you have reaped from your exertions—the mental gymnastic, the concentration, the wonderful mass of miscellaneous information you have assimilated in the course of your studies: the statistics of the oleo-margarine trade, the reason why camels have humps, the place to buy second-hand silk hats, the difference between a sprocket pinion and a carburettor, the age of Madame SARAH BERNHARDT. Think how much better equipped you are for the battle of life, and thank Heaven fasting for the altruistic enterprise of Printing House Square.”

[Disappointed “Times” Competitor dries her eyes, embraces Miss STRY, and makes a note to send a Christmas-card to Mr. G. E. B-CKLE.

“RETURNED WITH THANKS.”

“RETURNED with thanks,” and “much regret”:

At such rejection who could fret?

Acceptance scarce had had more grace:
Nay, one can admiration trace,
But thinly veiled in etiquette.

Ah, little, little chansonnnette!

“Not without elegance,” and yet—

Just for a trifling “want of space,”
“Returned with thanks!”

To think: if one had only met
His aunt at dinner—played a “Set”
With some sweet cousin of his race,
It lacked but that to change the case:
Not then, for answer, should we get
“Returned with thanks.”

RONDEAU OF FASHION.

In "gauging" and in "piping" go
Those ladies strictly *comme il faut*.
In "spiderwebs" of lace they're seen,
With "herring-bones" disposed be-
tween,
And "stoles" are *chic, en boléro*.

And "yokes" above have dropped below,
And "ruffles" out, or nearly so;
Le dernier cri, a "pelerine,"
In gauging.

Why, why this strange variety-show
Of frill and "flute" and furbelow?
O dainty maids of winsome mien,
In dimity or "*crêpe de chine*"
Or *any* wear you are, you know,
Engaging!

CHARIVARIA.

THE War Office has decided that officers may show one-eighth of an inch of white collar with the service dress. The notice of the authorities has been drawn to the delay in mounting guns in the fortifications of naval bases and defended ports, and the matter will receive attention in its proper turn.

In future, soldiers who have lost teeth on active service are to be provided with a free issue of false ones, but not until the commanding officer is satisfied that the applicant has made a thorough search on the battle-field for the missing articles.

The expenses of officers' dress are said to be constantly increasing. Perhaps that is why, to judge by recent courts-martial, so many officers appear in rags.

An international motor-car race from Moscow to St. Petersburg is to take place early in August. Every precaution will be taken for the public safety, and none but the Czar's Jewish subjects is to be allowed on the course.

It is none the less satisfactory to learn that the English protests on the subject of the recent Kischineff massacres will not be treated with contumely by the Russians. Criticising the comments in the English papers, the *Novoe Vremya* says, "Contempt is the reply of honest people to their shameful outbursts."

The *Daily Mail* is publishing a series of remarkably sane articles on Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's proposals. A note is appended drawing attention to the fact that "the articles must be understood to express the opinions of the writers, and not necessarily those of the *Daily Mail*."



"FOR THIS RELIEF—?"

"I'M SORRY TO HEAR YOUR WIFE IS SUFFERING FROM HER THROAT. I HOPE IT'S NOTHING SERIOUS?"

"NO, I DON'T THINK SO. THE DOCTOR'S FORBIDDEN HER TO TALK MUCH. IT'LL TROUBLE HER A GOOD DEAL, I EXPECT, AND SHE WON'T BE HERSELF FOR SOME TIME."

We hear that, in view of recent startling political developments, a mass meeting of the leaders of the Liberal Party will shortly be held.

France has not a high opinion of her own sailors. To ascertain whether it is possible to occupy the lower turret while firing is proceeding on the battleship *Henri IV.*, four sheep were tied up to represent the French gunners.

Last week's issue of *V.C., a Journal of the Brighter Side of Life*, contained an article entitled "Hunted by Elephants."

Lamb is now in season. It is to be had cheap both from Messrs. MEIHEUEN and Mr. DENT.

A Scalloway merchant, while in a sailing boat, has encountered the sea-serpent. After noting that it was about thirty feet long and had a huge flapper-like head, he made straight for land and is now a teetotaler.

At Christmas Mr. TREE will produce *The Darling of the Gods*. It is announced that he will not fill the title rôle himself. This is characteristic of one who declares he never plays to the gallery.



*Mistress. "JANE! JANE! YOU MUST BE MORE CAREFUL. EACH OF THOSE TUMBLERS YOU'VE BROKEN COST HALF-A-CROWN!"
Jane. "LAW, MUM! NOW I SHOULD 'AVE PUT 'EM AT EIGHTEPENCE!"*

MR. PUNCH'S SPECIAL ARTICLES.

(With acknowledgments to the "Daily Mail.")

No. IV.—THE CULT OF THE BROWN BOOT.

No serious student of dermatology can have avoided noticing the enormous increase in the use of brown boots in the last quarter of a century. In 1879 a clubman would no more have thought of walking down Pall Mall in brown boots than of flying. But now even archdeacons frequent the Atheneum Club in that ubiquitous footwear.

Necessity is probably the mother of invention, as Lord AVEBURY has pointedly remarked, and the introduction of the brown boot is due, according to a well-known Bond Street maker, to the exigencies of a retired General, who, finding it difficult to get his boots adequately blacked at his chambers, suggested, as a solution of his embarrassment, that it might be possible to devise a form of boot in which blacking could be entirely dispensed with. The example at once provoked imitation, and now it is estimated by Dr. NICHOLSON ROBERTS in the *Bootman* that in London alone 1,250,000 pairs of tawny-coloured footgear are sold in the year.

Boots, it may not be generally known, are made from the hides of various animals, terrestrial and marine. The skin is removed after the animal has been slaughtered, not before, and is then subjected to a variety of preliminary processes of a mollifying character, of which the most important is that of tanning. Tan, or tannin, as it is more correctly called, is a substance of a friable texture and a highly pro-

nounced but hygienic odour. It is principally found in Indian tea, whence it is extracted by machinery especially designed for the purpose, and stored in tanyards. It is also occasionally used to deaden the sound of traffic and provide equestrians with a substratum calculated to minimise the wear and tear of their horses' hoofs. Dogs of certain breeds are also technically described as being "black and tan."

The process of bootmaking, of which the headquarters is at Nottingham, will be familiar to all who have attended the performances of WAGNER's opera *Die Meistersinger*. It involves the use of powerful cutting instruments, cobbler's wax, needles, thread, and other implements, and the principal terms in its somewhat extensive terminology are vamp, welt, upper leathers, and nether sole. Bootmakers, like tailors, commonly sit cross-legged at their work, and hold pronounced political views; hence the term freebooter. But it has been noted that the makers of brown boots incline to Liberal Unionism. Their patron saint is Giordano Bruno, and in theology they affect latitudinarianism.

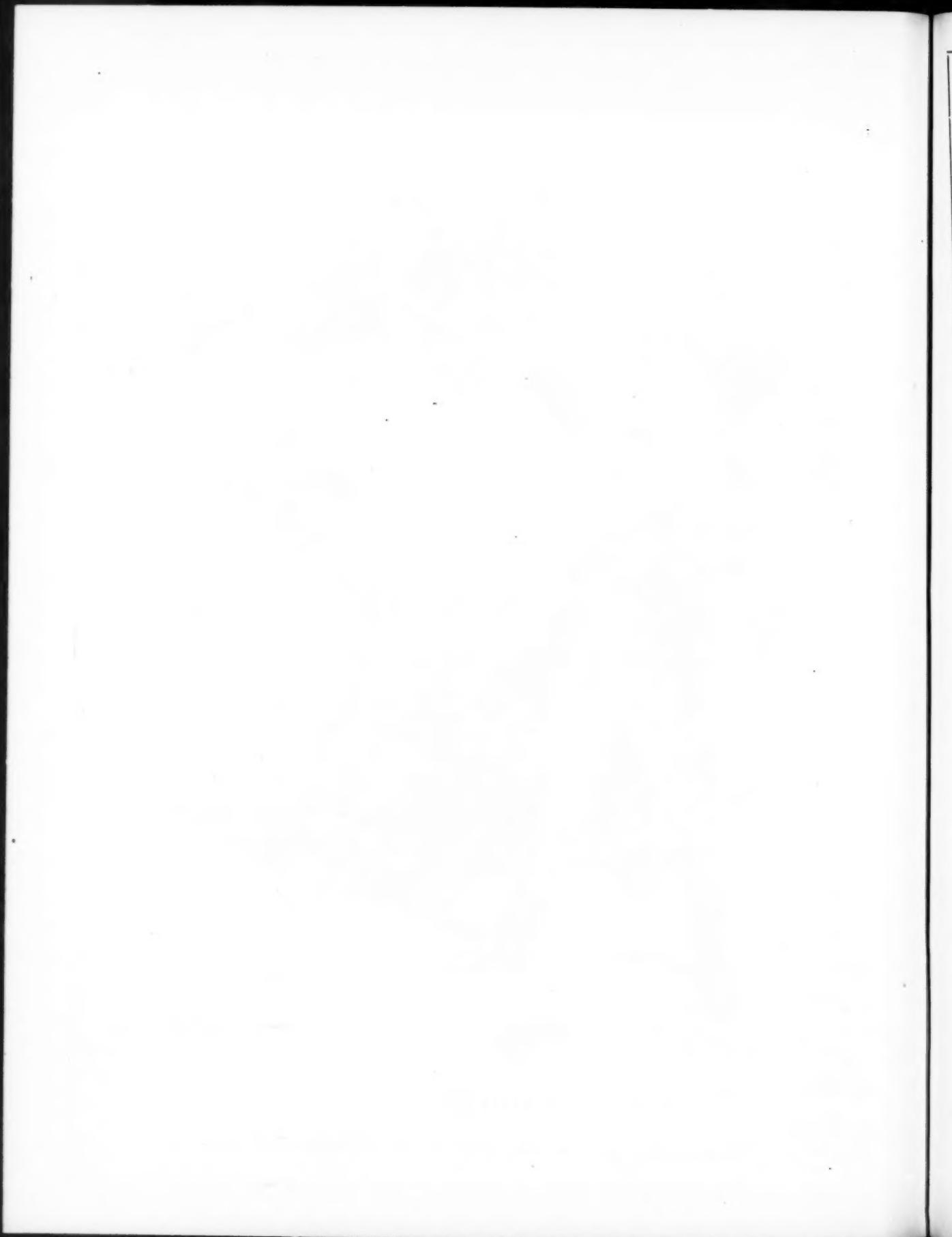
The term "brown boots," it should be noted, is often a misnomer, as it includes shades of yellow, orange, and russet. Army men affect the latter, while stockbrokers and solicitors prefer the former.

In conclusion it may be worth while to record certain established rules, the disregard of which may have untoward consequences. Black laces do not harmonise well with brown boots, nor is it *de rigueur* to wear them with a frock-coat, or when in evening or court dress.



“ FOILED ! ”

“*Birmingham Joe*,” the Highwayman, fails in his attempt on the Free Trade Coach.



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, June 8.
 —House resumed after Whitsun recess. The gathering small, proceedings in Committee, save for one incident, humdrum. In Lobbies, in Library, in Reading-room, wherever two or three Members are gathered together, there is Rumour in the midst of them. Men recognise with bated breath the imminence of crisis. Some say Government will resign before the week end; others limit that grave step to Don José. HARRY CHAPLIN, literally big with the fate of Ministries, stalks about Lobby, wearing his eye-glass with even more studiously close resemblance to manner of another Dictator. ST. MICHAEL AND ALL ANGELS, back after long absence, blacker and grimmer than ever, restlessly takes the Lobby to and fro in five strides. Mr. PATRICK O'BRIEN, elate with consciousness that the Irish Whip holds in hollow of his hand the fate of strongest Ministry of modern times, enviously watches legs of ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer, wondering how he does it. As for JEMMY LOWTHER, he is making a book; from time to time retires to corner near Post Office and liberally uses the national stock of telegram forms in working out how he stands on the double event. The atmosphere is charged with electricity. Over all broods a dark cloud, which men instinctively feel may suddenly break, involving the Empire in fumes and smoke more terrible than those *Dante* nightly sniffs as he walks the stage at Drury Lane.



AN AUTHORITY ON FEEDING-BOTTLES.

"I was struck by the extreme simplicity of my hon. friend the Secretary to the Treasury."—*Sir E. Grey's Speech.*

Mr. Arth-r Ell-t.



QUITE SO; BUT HOW LONG WILL HE STOP THERE?

"I am quite prepared to go into any labourer's cottage and say to him, 'Now this policy, if it is carried out, will cost you so much a week more than you are paying at present for your food.'"—! ! !—*Mr. Chamberlain's Speech on Preferential Tariffs.*

And it is at a time like this that WILLIAM CECIL NORTON, Member for West Newington, late Captain of the Fifth Royal Irish Lancers (recreations: skating, cycling), selects to seize a feeding-bottle pistol-wise, and hold it at the head of harried Government. It was in Committee on Civil Service Estimates. On vote for salaries and expenses of Customs Department STRACHEY moved to reduce salary of Chairman of Board of Customs by £100, with intent to coerce him into furnishing names and addresses of persons who import to this country foreign milk. ARTHUR ELLIOT, in charge of Civil Service Estimates, pleaded this was really inviting a paternal Government to go outside its legitimate sphere of influence. Cap'n TOMMY BOWLES, whose weather eye comprehends view of boundless empire without overlooking the interests of domesticity, said a few words; which, in truth, he often does.

Then up got the gallant ex-Royal Irish Lancer, and, feeding-bottle in hand, rode down on the trembling Treasury Bench.

"In these days," he said, "when the majority of the rising generation are unfortunately bottle-fed, we are justified in asking His Majesty's Government to trace to its spring every half-

pint of foreign milk foisted on the country."

Prince ARTHUR, who had just dropped in, faintly blushed. What were feeding-bottles to him, or he to feeding-bottles, that the Member for West Newington should thus pointedly address him? The Financial Secretary to the Treasury, a married man, was more competent to deal with the subject. To him the Premier left it, withdrawing from the range of NORTON's levelled feeding-bottle with perturbed alacrity that greatly tickled Chairman of Committees. The OVERFLOWING LOUGH, of all men, coming to rescue of the Government, the feeding-bottle and the amendment were both withdrawn, and Ministerial crisis temporarily averted.

Business done.—Voting supply.

Tuesday night.—Making history today. The House, after its manner, instantly adapts itself to occasion. Gone is the languor of yesterday; crowded are the erstwhile empty benches; breathless the interest with which succeeding episodes are watched. A great deal has happened since ST. MICHAEL last spoke in Parliament. Then he rose from the Treasury Bench, and stood at the Table exponent of the policy of a united Cabinet. To-day he presents himself from the corner seat behind the Treasury

Bench, a historic quarter, whence, since the days of W. E. FORSTER and before, Ministers cast off by rapid rotary movement of Cabinets have found refuge.

Below him, on the Treasury Bench, PRINCE ARTHUR, reverting to a long and familiar habit, literally sprawled. Sixteen years ago, when answerable for Law and Order in Ireland, the Chief Secretary, nightly attacked from benches below Gangway opposite, was wont to lounge on Treasury Bench with ostentatious effort to appear at ease. With his long legs stretched out till they touched the Table, his hands loosely disposed in his trousers pockets, his head brought so low that it might rest on the cushioned back of the seat, he intimated to whom it might concern that if it gave them pleasure to heap abuse on the Irish Secretary, ARTHUR BALFOUR didn't mind a bit. It pleased them and didn't hurt him.

To-night he unconsciously reverts to this old manner, whilst from the back bench a former Cabinet colleague, amid jubilant cheers from the Opposition, floods with lurid light the downward path that, hand in hand with DON JOSÉ, he is treading, and holds him personally responsible for the burden of expenditure under which the nation staggers.

And where is DON JOSÉ? Last time financial policy of the Ministry was discussed on eve of Whitsun holidays, Colonial Secretary and Premier, as is their wont, sat shoulder to shoulder in smiling confidence, following and supporting each other in debate, exchanging cheery commentary as it was carried on by others. There is this afternoon plenty of room on either side of the Premier if a fond and faithful comrade yearns for his companionship. DON JOSÉ sits alone at the obscurer end of the Treasury Bench, where, in the shadow of the Speaker's chair, Under-Secretaries foregather. With folded arms, closed eyes, countenance of stony impassivity, he sits and listens as if they were talking about someone else.

To a proud spirit accustomed to command, the minutes stretching into long hours must have been the bitterest known in a life of storm and stress, for the most part victoriously overcome. DON JOSÉ has seen something like it in years gone by. Having staked his all on Home Rule, Mr. GLADSTONE one night sat on the same bench in an equally crowded House, watching the Thanes flee from him, recognising that for the time at least the battle was lost.

"Had Zimri peace who slew his master?" It is DON JOSÉ's turn now. He has played a card not less momentous to national interests than was Home Rule in his old chieftain's hands. Like him, after seeming to carry all before

him, there comes a day when, suddenly, fortune turns, friends fall away, and a structure boldly designed, carefully built up, apparently ready for prosperous occupation, suddenly crumbles.

It was sharper than a serpent's tooth to sit and hear RITCHIE—him of all the

A moustache, he said, suited him best, And helped in his budding profession. "What! like yours!" I replied with a sneer;

He smiled when my temper grew hot, And when I indulged in a tear He said, "Certainly not."

Twas enough, and I said what I felt, Indignant and adamant-hearted, On some of his drawbacks I dwelt— He took up his hat and departed. I expected him back, but in vain; Disconsolate, haggard and white, I wrestled each day with my pain Till Saturday night.

Then I wrote and confessed I was wrong,

My hand with emotion was shaking, I prayed him to come before long To the heart that was his and was breaking.

Three terrible hours did I wait; He came—and my reason was saved. Then I saw what had made him so late— My EDWIN had shaved.



MAROONED ; OR, THE MAN WITH THE IRON MASK.

"Sharper than a serpent's tooth to sit and hear Ritchie."

Cabinet colleagues!—read a deliberately prepared, presumably unanimously endorsed, renunciation of Protection and all its *aliases*. Worse still was to hear the fierce jubilance of the shout of triumph that went up from the throng opposite, long accustomed to feel the lash of his contumely and scorn.

"All very well, TOBY *mio*," says the MEMBER FOR SARK, looking over my shoulder as I write; "you describe the scene at the moment fairly enough. It is quite true DON JOSÉ has suffered an unexpected, resounding, blow. They have played check to the king; but don't suppose the game is over yet. If anyone offers you odds that DON JOSÉ, at present in a minority of two in the Cabinet, has abandoned his financial scheme, or abated one jot of determination to carry it, you take him freely, and when you are roping in the money don't forget a little commission for the tipster."

Business done.—DON JOSÉ's; for the moment.

AN IDYLL.

WHEN I asked my dear EDWIN to shave
I'd never a thought of denial;
He'd been such an absolute slave,
I put his devotion on trial.
But his eye threw a sinister dart,
His features grew dogged and grave.
Still—I hardly expected to part
When I asked him to shave.

He refused, and seemed eager to jest,
Till he saw my determined expression.

"FIRST AID FOR THE INJURED."

WE met in Kensington High Street, and HILDA informed me that she was on her way home from an Ambulance Class that was held every week at Lady MACGREGOR'S.

"Every woman ought to know how to render First Aid to the Injured," she said, with gentle decision.

I assented warmly, and asked for particulars as to the method of procedure at these valuable gatherings.

"First, of course, we have tea," said HILDA, "and then we all go into the library and sit round the table, with the doctor at the head and the skeleton at the side."

"And can you see the skeleton from your seat?" I inquired.

"Quite as much as I want to!" replied HILDA, firmly. "We were a little late in beginning to-day," she went on, "as Mrs. DE WINTON had forgotten the time of the class, and of course we could not begin till she had had her tea."

"And what was the subject this afternoon?" I inquired.

HILDA turned reluctantly from the shop window she was contemplating.

"Fractures!" she said, importantly. "There are eight signs and symptoms of fractures. I can only remember one—crep—crep—it sounds something like crépe, because when the doctor mentioned it I remarked to GERTRUDE how strange it was that one saw so little *crépe-de-chine* this season, when it was all the rage last year. Oh! I know—crepitus! And that," she added thoughtfully, "is the one thing you are *not* to try and discover



THE MOTOR AGE.

(Some little distance after Albert Dürer.)

for yourself. It is *very* important to remember this."

"And what is the treatment to be?" I ventured, much impressed.

HILDA's face assumed a pitying tenderness, beautiful to behold.

"Keep the poor dear warm and comfortable till the doctor comes!" she said, evidently quoting from a little manual she was holding in her hand. "You see it isn't likely you would be carrying splints and bandages about with you, to say nothing of the book, and it is really safer not to attempt too much! Though of course we have all learnt to bandage. We have a boy on purpose for 6d. an hour."

"Wee MACGREGOR?" I suggested.

"No," said HILDA, seriously, "RONALD wouldn't stand still long enough. We have a little fellow from the Boys' Home."

"And when is the next class held?" I asked.

"Well," said HILDA, puckering her forehead, "that is rather a difficult thing to settle. You see there is always someone away, and the best thing to do is to arrange to have the classes when as few as possible are absent. This afternoon, while we were at tea, Lady MacGREGOR had a telegram from two of the members to say that they had been kept so long at LIBERTY's that they were positively obliged to have tea at FULLER's, and they didn't see how they could possibly be in time, and it would be such a pity to disturb the class."

"And what about the examination?" I asked, sternly. "What will you all do when the time of reckoning comes?"

"Oh, well," explained HILDA, "if

you are absent more than once from the lectures you are not eligible for examination. There have been two lectures so far, and we have all been absent once, and I really don't see how we are to avoid being absent again. So we shall *none* of us be eligible for examination," she concluded cheerfully. "However, we shall have the *knowledge*, and that is worth more than any amount of certificates, isn't it?"

A SPLENDID PARADOX.—The *Courier* (Dundee), complaining that a recent motion was not pressed to a division, says:—"The result is that the Opposition has been unable to cement the wavering in the Government ranks by the formal cleavage which a division would have entailed."

PASHLEY'S OPINIONS.

No. XIII.

WELL, as I say, I never thought very much of foreigners, but I own I got my eyes opened a bit once. Not that I changed my opinions about them, taken all round—I never was one for changing my opinions—but I got to see that if you don't look precious sharp they can sometimes get the better of us. I suppose it is because we're so generous and open-minded, and all that kind of thing. We know we're top of the tree and bound to remain there, and so perhaps we're apt to get a bit careless, feeling that we're sure to be all right in the end when the account day comes and they strike the balances. It was this way:—We had done a bit of business in Germany, cheap goods mostly, and there was a man in Berlin we had had some dealings with. He was in a small way, I understood, but he was a good payer, and the business was easy and brought us in a good bit of money one way and another. We heard one day that this fellow was sending his son to England to study business, so as to learn the latest tips and take them back to Germany with him, and we made up our minds to give him a good reception and show him all that was to be seen.

"Of course," said ROGERSON, "he'll be only too proud to associate with Englishmen for a bit and get some decent food for breakfast and dinner, let alone a decent pipeful of tobacco. These Germans are a grubby lot mostly, and it's precious little they get to fill their bellies with when they're at home. You'll find him quite easy to deal with when you've made him understand how to behave at table."

ROGERSON knew a lot about Germans. He had been over to Flushing by steamer two or three times during his holidays.

I got my first startler when I went to the station to meet young SCHUMACHER. That was his name, though why he spelt it in that outlandish jaw-cracking way I never could make out. Anyhow, I always called him "Boots" for short. When the train came in at Charing Cross I was looking out for someone who was poor-looking and dirty, and badly turned out in the tailoring department. I went up to one chap of that kind, who was standing gazing about him in a puzzled kind of way, and I said to him, "Is your name SCHUMACHER?" He turned round on me quite savage, and said, "No, it ain't. Is yours Gingertop?" I was just thinking whether I oughtn't to push his face in for him, when the German himself came up to me and introduced himself. He wasn't a bit in the slop-shop line, or dirty or miserable looking. On the contrary, he was as tidy as you'd want a man to be, and he was a big man too, with a fine pair of shoulders and a chest like a portmanteau for size. The way he stood himself up straight, as if he'd swallowed a poker, and clicked his heels together and took off his hat when he spoke to me fairly gave me the shivers—it all looked so military and polite and fierce. Thinks I to myself, he's a bit of a toff, so I put on all the polish I knew, and I flatter myself I gave him as good as he sent in the bowing and hat-touching line, till a porter ran a truck into my legs from behind. If the German hadn't caught me I should have fallen on to the platform.

Of course that wasn't a good beginning, but there was worse to come. One thing was, he talked English pretty near as well as I did, rather slower perhaps, and not so many neat little touches about it, but it was good straight English all the same. At first, being on the polite line, I was all ready to help him out, but it didn't pay, so I chucked it. He didn't take the help, and so it was no use offering it. For instance, he said one day: "My friend PASHLEY, what above all things in this great city makes me

to marvel is when I look at you and see how beautiful your—" here he stopped for breath, and I put in the word "face," thinking he wanted to pay me a compliment; but he went on quite calm, "No, not face, though that too is beautiful in a way quite its own, which is not the classical way naturally; but I think the beautiful thing is that you, who are so great and proud, are yet so kind and so full of nobility as not to laugh at strangers."

This was a bit thick, for we had all been laughing at his way of bowing to ladies and talking to them as if they were duchesses, and I was half afraid he must have noticed it. Then there was another thing about him. You couldn't tell him anything he didn't know. The whole business was a game to him: he seemed to know it all before he started, and he gave me a tip or two about placing goods on the market that I'd never thought of before. Besides, he knew all about English history and the Tower of London, and Westminster Abbey and Richmond Hill, not forgetting the Star and Garter. In fact, he was a fair wonder.

Well, to cut a long story short, he went back to Germany after a month, and that was the end of our German business. We never did any more over there, for we found his people were underselling us everywhere. He had found out all he wanted, and then gone in and cut us out. He pushed into the Colonies too, and we couldn't keep him out. Three years afterwards he came back again a very rich man and married MABEL TAPLING, a girl ROGERSON had been sweet on for a long time. She told me, when I spoke to her about going away to a hole like Germany, that the fact was she couldn't take ROGERSON, he was so vulgar, and German men had a fine way with them that you couldn't get over. I'm not sure she wasn't right.

LINES TO AN INFANT ALIEN.

[At Birmingham, during the visit of the Wild West Show to that town, a Red Indian baby, with black hair, was born in the Indian camp. STANDING BEAR, the interpreter of the band, was the proud father, and he named the child BIRMINGHAM STANDING BEAR, out of compliment to his birthplace.—*Daily Paper*. The voice of Birmingham welcomes the youthful B. S. BEAR in the subjoined stanzas.]

INNOCENT imp of Redskin race,
Child of the raven hair,
You have been born in a lively place,
BIRMINGHAM STANDING BEAR!

BUFFALO BILL is a big, big chief—
Birmingham owns it—still
There is a lord, in her belief,
Greater than even BILL.

Though we may come in our crowds to sit
Watching the Wild West Show,
We have a West of our own, and it
Largely belongs to JOE.

Birmingham's Pride has flung the fat
Into the fire, dear child;
And it is widely whispered that
Some of his West is Wild!

* * * * *
BIRMINGHAM BEAR, observe the strife,
List to the loud abuse;
Do not embrace a public life;
Politics are the deuce!

Plug your opponent through the heart;
Treasure his scalp with care;
Choose, in a word, the simpler part,
BIRMINGHAM STANDING BEAR.

A POINT OF "VIEW."

[An agreement has now been arrived at between the London County Council and Sir J. WHITTAKER ELLIS by which only a single house shall be built on Sir WHITTAKER's land opposite Richmond Hill.]

Sir ELLIS was as goode a knyghte
As e'er was sung in songe,
And what Sir ELLIS did was righte,
What others did was wronge.

Broad landes Sir ELLIS had and fayre
Where Thamys' waters flow,
And certaine of his neighbours there
Had fayre broad landes also.

But mercenary wights were these,
With lust of lucre filled,
Who scrupled not to fell their trees,
And houses vile to builde.

Up spake the goode Sir ELLIS then
In bonnie Richmonde towne—
"It is a shameful thyng that men
Should cut this timber downe.

"If you permit these trees to falle,
As soon, methinks, they wille,
You will destroy, for goode and alle,
The view from Richmonde Hille.

"For shame!" the goode knyghte cried,
"For shame!"
And laid his hande on hilt,
"Farewell to bonnie Richmonde's fame
If villas here be built."

The burgesses of Richmonde frowned
To hear him speak so bolde,
For if they bought the miscreants'
ground
Twould cost them muckle golde.

The men of Richmonde turned away
What time he made this rout,
And nothyng the goode knyghte could
say
Would draw their shekels out.

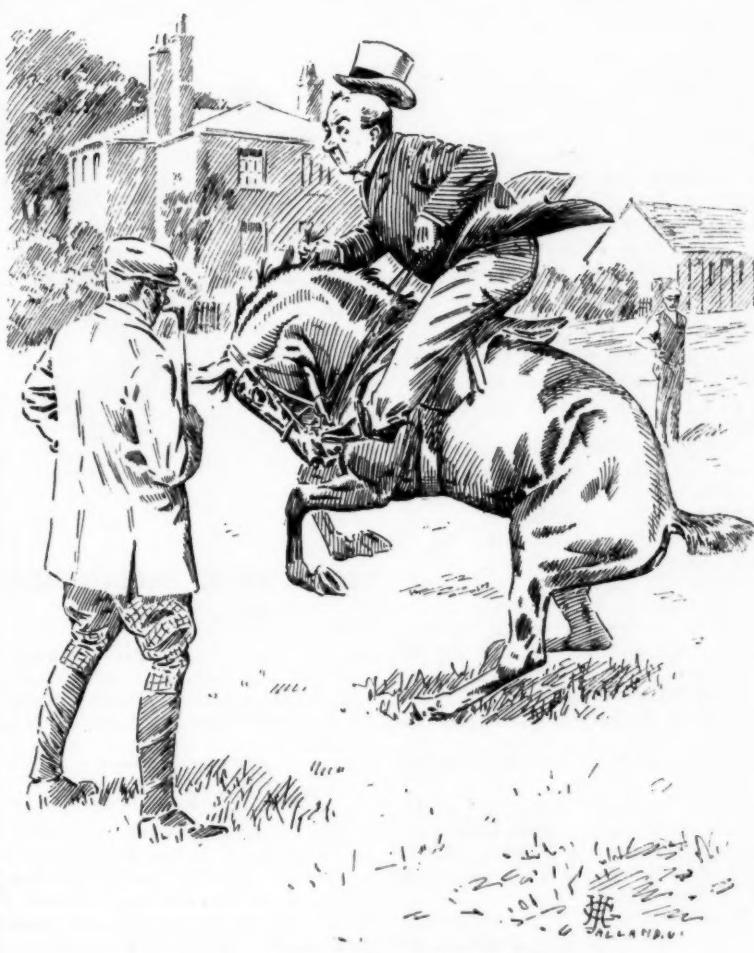
With righteous wrath Sir ELLIS burned,
With grief his heart did ache;
To London's Council then he turned,
And thus he sternly spake:—

"Fayre Sirs, I have a plot of ground
For red-brick villas fitte,
And I could gain full many a pound
By building upon itte.

"Tis full in front of that green lande
On which the goode trees falle,
And where, eftsoons, on every hande,
Shall rise up villas tall.

"Tis yours such vandals to withstand,
And therfore I design
That you should buy that piece of lande
Whyche fronts this plotte of mine.

"If this you do, I promise you—
And it shall be fulfilled—
That I will not upon my plotte
A single villa builde."



A MATTER OF OPINION.

Dealer (to old gent, who is trying a somewhat playful cob). "Ah, now that's a nice light-arter'd little 'oss, ain't 'e, Sir?"

The Council thought the offer grande,
And sent the goode hatte round,
And ultimately bought the lande
For seventy thousand pound.

But when his neighbours' lande was
bought,
Sir ELLIS changed his tone,
And, ere a year had passed, he thought
'Twas time to sell his owne.

Himself he could not build on itte,
His word was pledged to this,
But if the purchaser thought fitte—
The fault was none of his.

The Council met and tore their hayre,
And swore till all was blue,
But stoute Sir ELLIS didn't care,
And what were they to do?

So when the Council plainly saw
Sir ELLIS tooke no heed,

They hied them to the Men of Law
To help them at their neede.

The Men of Law they drew their pleas,
And drafted them with care;
The Men of Law they drew their fees,
A thumpynge sum they were!

And there had been a suit, I ween,
Fought out in grimly wise,
Had not the knyghte declined the fighte
And made a compromise.

Then glory to the Council bolde
Who tooke the sword in hande
And would not lette themselves be
solde—
With goode Sir ELLIS' lande!

SOCIAL GARDENING.—Cultivating an acquaintance.

TRIALS.

II.—“IN VINO——?”

SWALLOWBY, with whom I dined a few nights ago, placed a bottle of wine on the table, with a certain air of mystery. He then slowly filled my glass and his own, and, holding the latter up to the light, invited my opinion on the vintage.

“This is a very, va—ry curious wine,” he observed with knitted brows.

I tasted it. It was a very curious wine; but after that first sip, strange to say, I felt no farther curiosity with regard to it. It failed to attract me.

He sipped, rolled the liquor over his tongue, and continued:—

“Frankly, my dear boy, if you were staying a week with me, I shouldn’t give you that wine every night!”

SWALLOWBY is a very good fellow and merciful withal, and I felt grateful to him for this assurance. But I struggled on and swallowed another glass.

After a prolonged pause, my host said:—

“I see you think something of this wine.”

I was thinking a good deal of that wine. As a matter of fact, I was calculating the amount of internal suffering likely to accrue to me if I consumed my share of the bottle.

“Am I not right?” he continued. I wondered how long I should be? Already I had misgivings.

Lowering his voice, my host said:—

“What do you think this wine cost me?”

“Well, about one-and-three at the grocer’s round the corner,” I almost blurted out. But I shut my teeth with a snap, and merely gave a dreary, far-off smile in reply.

“Have another glass?” he broke in abruptly. “Now the bottle has been opened, we must finish it.”

A weak little groan escaped me. Then, leaning forward and speaking in a confidential manner, I said:—

“Funny thing, my dear SWALLOWBY, my taste seems completely out of order to-night. Do you know——” (as a sharp twinge reminded me that I was but mortal), “I think, if you’ll excuse me, that I will not drink any more of this wine—which I quite agree is a curious, most curious product of the Junip—Spanish vineyards, I mean—it would be actually wasted on me. Cork it up, and try it on your next guest—



ASCOT WEEK RACING NOTE.

GOING IN FOR A SWEEP.

but if—if you’ll just give me a small glass of old Cognac, I—oh, my dear SWALLOWBY!—excuse these unmanly tears—I will bless you with my latest breath! ”

THE NEXT INVASION.

Mr. PUNCH, SIR,—Greatly stimulated and encouraged by the kindly spirit of hospitality in which you received my projected Society drama, I venture to submit to you some notes in connection with a novel which I now have in hand. When an editor rejects a manuscript of mine, I send that manuscript to another editor. When he accepts one, I send another manuscript to that editor. This is the strenuous life. The purpose of my romance is to revive the type so popular a few years back, in the manufacture of which there has lately been something of a lull. I refer to the Inspired-Prophecy kind of novel, in which England is overrun by invaders until the last few chapters. In my style, and especially in my strict regard for the probabilities, I shall follow as nearly as I can the example of my great predecessors.

After years of secret preparation, France, Germany, Russia, Spain, Turkey, and Monaco suddenly declare war on England. England is totally unprepared. She always is in novels. Also, by the ingenious device of sending the admiral in command a bogus telegram to say that his aunt is ill, the Channel fleet is got out of the way. A vast consignment of assorted invaders sails

up the Thames, and lands at the Docks. The authorities there have grown so accustomed to alien immigrants that they see nothing peculiar in these manœuvres, and, Sir HOWARD VINCENT being away, no obstacle is offered to the invading force, which proceeds to occupy the town. This is an easy task. The example of the Stock Exchange pedestrians has long ago been followed by every branch of Society, and the day chosen for the invasion is also that fixed for the various contests, with the result that London, with the exception of two bank clerks, the bookstall young man at Waterloo, three waiters, and Mr. ARTHUR BOURCHIER, is totally empty. The Stock Exchange is down at Brighton, the Guards at Cane Hill, and everybody else either at some distant spot or walking to it. The bank clerks and the bookstall young man are speedily overpowered. The

Garrick Theatre, though strongly held by Mr. BOURCHIER, is subjected to the unfair criticism of large shells, and demolished, and the three waiters welcome their compatriots with shouts (and bottles) of Hoch. London is in the hands of the enemy. End of Book One, to be called *Blue Ruin*.

In Book Two, *Wake up, England!* there are thrilling accounts of battles and so on, and the shocking goings-on of the invaders generally. There is very little damage for them to do in London, for the L.C.C. have recently been at the streets, but they do all they can, and when the feelings of the reader are worked to the proper pitch by my vivid descriptions, I bring in my grand climax. One night Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL and the Editor of the *Daily Mail* (on whom the command of the British forces has naturally devolved) receive a visit from a mysterious stranger with a strong German accent. It is Herr JULIUS SEETH. In consideration of being allowed a monopoly in performing lions for the space of his natural life, he offers to bring his peculiar methods of education to bear on the Strand rats, mobilise them into an Army Corps, and send them against the foe. The chapter descriptive of the final struggle between the trained rodents and the invaders is one of my most powerful bits of work. The hair of the reader will shoot up like a rocket. The rats win and the war is at an end. That, I think, is all to-day.

Yours, &c.,

HENRY WILLIAM-JONES.